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GENE AUTRY

USE THE HANDY ORDER FORM AT THE TOP OF THIS PAGE

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Gene Autry

on Wild Horse Ranch

ENTERING THE TOWN OF CEDAR CREEK, GENE MEETS TROUBLE ON THE HOOF...

WHOA, THERE!
WHO'S CHASIN' YOU?

LOOK OUT
FOR THAT
KID!

WHOO!

YAHOO!

THOSE CRAZY FOOLS!
THEY'D HAVE TRAMPLED
YOU!

HAW!
HAW!

VERY FUNNY,
WASN'T IT?

MY LITTLE
GRANDDAUGHTER—
SHE HURT?

I DON'T
THINK SO—
I REACHED
HER IN TIME!



GENE RETURNS TO THE BANK.

YES, SIR, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M WORKIN' FOR THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL. AN' I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS YOU JUST TOOK IN!

THE BILLS THAT HARRY SPOTTED-HORSE JUST DEPOSITED? CERTAINLY, YOU CAN SEE THEM — BUT THEY'RE PERFECTLY GOOD!

OF COURSE THESE BILLS ARE GOOD — THEY WERE PART OF A SHIPMENT STOLEN FROM THE U.P. MAIL CAR NEAR PILOT BUTTE LAST MONTH!

YOU MEAN THAT HOLDUP WHERE THREE RAILROAD MEN WERE KILLED? I THOUGHT THE ROBBERS WERE CAUGHT!

WE CAUGHT THREE ROBBERS... TWO GOT AWAY WITH THE LOOT — THE LEADER HAD A SCARRED FACE — I'VE TRAILED HIM TO THIS TOWN!

WHO IS THIS BRONC BOYD THAT PASSED THESE BILLS?

HE'S A BUYER AND TRAINER OF WILD HORSES... FINE REPUTATION... ONE OF THE COUNTY'S BIG MEN!

I THINK I'LL RIDE OUT AND CALL ON MISTER BRONC BOYD... MEANTIME, JUST KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT, WILL YOU?

SURE, MARSHAL! YOU CAN TRUST ME TO DO THAT!



YEON-000!

YBE-AH00!



THAT'S SCARFACE — HEADIN' FOR BOYD'S RANCH!



I RECKON I'LL
TAIL AFTER
THOSE TWO
RIDERS, HARRY...
SEE YOU SOME
OTHER TIME!

HEAD TOUGH CREW
AT WILD HORSE
RANCH! YOU
WATCH-UM STEP!



THAT'S HEAD GOOD
ADVICE, HARRY!
SO LONG!



JUST AT SUNSET, GENE ARRIVES
AT WILD HORSE RANCH.



AT LANDLIGHT, A STRANGER CAN SEE—
AND NOT BE SEEN



I'LL LEAVE YOU
HERE, CHAMP...
MIGHT NEED TO
GET AWAY FAST!



BLAWD!



M-BAWWW!

HUMPH! I'M SURE GLAD
NOBODY BUT YOU SAW
ME DO THAT ONE,
BOSSY! GO AHEAD
AND LAUGH!



THERE'S SCARFACE
TALKIN' TO ANOTHER
GENT... PROBABLY
BRONG BOYD!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH GVIN'
ME ANOTHER PERSONAL
CHECK FOR THESE
HUNDRED DOLLAR
BILLS, BRONG?
CAN'T A MAN ASK
A FAVOR OF HIS
OWN BROTHER?

YOU'VE GOT
TOO MANY OF
THOSE BIG BANK
NOTES, CART
BOYD!



...TOO MANY TO HAVE COME BY THEM HONESTLY! IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN THE PAST TEN YEARS, CART— BUT I'M HANDLING NO MORE MONEY FOR YOU!



SO YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND TO THROW ME OUT?

NODE! YOU'RE WELCOME AS LONG AS YOU PLAY SQUARE WITH ME!



I'VE GOT TO DOCTOR THAT CALF NOW...
GOOD NIGHT, CART!

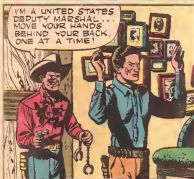


PUT UP YOUR HANDS, CART BOYD! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR TRAIN ROBBERY AND MURDER!

UH? WHO'RE YOU?



I'M A UNITED STATES DEPUTY MARSHAL...
MOVE YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK,
ONE AT A TIME!



WHOK!





OH, IT'S YOU, HARRY!

UH-HUH!



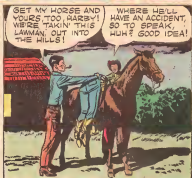
LUCKY YOU SAW HIM SNEAKIN' IN THE HOUSE, HARRY— HE'S OUT COLD!

UH-HUH! LOOKS LIKE HE FELL IN SOME MUD, TOO... WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?



FIND HIS HORSE AND BRING IT TO THE HOLLOW BEYOND THE CORRALS... I DON'T WANT THAT LAW-ABIDIN' BROTHER OF MINE TO HORN IN!

OKAY, CART!



GET MY HORSE AND YOURS, TOO, HARRY! WE'RE TAKIN' THIS LAWMAN, OUT INTO THE HILLS!

WHERE HE'LL HAVE AN ACCIDENT, SO TO SPEAK, HUH? GOOD IDEA!



PRETTY GOOD PLACE HERE FOR THE DEPUTY MARSHAL'S HORSE TO "THROW" HIM— WHAT DO YOU THINK, HARRY?

THREE MILES FROM THE RANCH! OUGHTA BE GOOD ENOUGH!



TAPADERO BUSTED OUT— FOOT SLIPPED AND SPUR CAUGHT— WHO'S GOIN' TO SAY IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT?

YOU GOT HIS
BADGE AN'
PAPERS, CART?

YEAH...
THERE WON'T
BE ANY WAY
TO IDENTIFY
HIM, AFTER
HE'S BEEN
DRAGGED
OVER THE
ROCKS!

WHUH-HUH-HUH-HUH!

MMMH! CHAMD — WHAT
HAPPENED? DON'T
MOVE —

GOT IT — OUT! OH,
MY HEAD —

DAYLIGHT FINDS CHAMD STILL ON
GUARD OVER HIS INJURED MASTER.

SUDDENLY THE MORNING BREEZE
BRINGS TO CHAMD THE DREADED
SCENT OF...

WHOOF!
WHUFF!

— BEAR!



DESPITE HIS TERROR, CHAND FACES HIS NATURAL ENEMY — READY TO BATTLE FOR THE LIFE OF HIS MASTER.



FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE DRAW, A SHOUT RINGS OUT LOUDLY.



TAKE IT EASY BOY!
LET'S SEE WHAT'S
AILIN' YOUR RIDER!
BACK UP NOW!



BAD WOUND ON TH' HEAD—
LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN
PISTOL-WHIPPED... BUT
HIS HEARTBEAT IS
STRONG!



GIT ALONG THERE,
BRUNO! G'WAN HOME
AHEAD OF US!



WHUH-HUH-HUH!

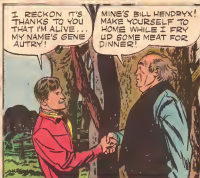
HOLD YOUR
'TATERS, HOSS!
YOUR BOSS'LL
'BE FINE AN'
DANDY AFTER
I FIX HIM UP
A MITE!



KEE-YAW! WHAT
YOU GOT THERE,
PODNER?

NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS,
EDGAR ALLAN POE!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH
NOHOW!





YOU'RE MIGHTY
COMFORTABLE.
HERE, HENDRYX!

UH-HMM! THERE'S
ENOUGH GOLD DUST
LEFT IN WILD CREEK
TO KEEP US IN GRUB!
BRUNG AN' EDGAR
AN' ME DON'T NEED
MUCH ELSE!



WE AIN'T HANKERIN'
NONE FOR COMP'NY,
BUT YOU JEST STAY
AROUND TILL THAT
THERE HEAD
WOUND HEALS!

THANKS...
MORE THAN
I CAN SAY!
CHAMP AN'
I'LL BE MOVIN'
PRETTY SOON!



TWO DAYS LATER

SO LONG - AN'
THANKS AGAIN!

KERROAK!
SO LONG!
SO LONG!



AN HOUR'S RIDE BRINGS GENE TO
THE WICKUP OF HARRY SPOTTED-
HORSE!

EEEE! LOOK-UM
WHO COME!



SING-UM 'NOTHER
NICE SONG FOR
LARK!

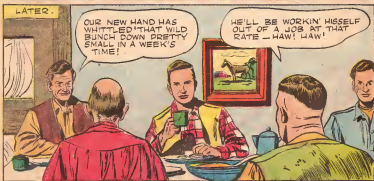
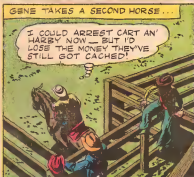
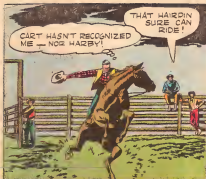
I WILL LATER...
HARRY, I'D LIKE TO
TALK WITH YOU
ALONE!

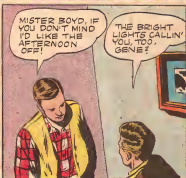
UGH! LARK STAY
OUT - YOU COME
IN!

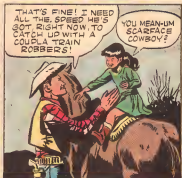












THERE THEY GO! OUT OF
THAT DRAW! AN' ONE OF
'EM IS CARRYIN' A SACK!



THAT'S THE MAIL SACK,
ALL RIGHT! BUT I
CAN'T SHOOT YET—
MIGHT KILL
SOMEBODY!



SAVE YOUR BULLETS—
AN' RIDE FOR THE
TREES!

YEAH, IT'S
THE TIN-STAR
AN' HE'S TAKIN'
A CHANCE OF
COMIN' CLOSE!



WE'LL TRAP HIM IN
HERE—FROM TWO
SIDES!

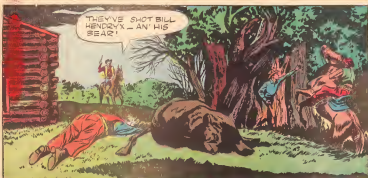


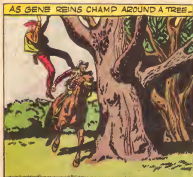
I HEAR SHOTS!
AN' HENDRYX'S
CABIN IS RIGHT
AHEAD!



THAT'S CART
BOYD'S HORSE!







CART'S SHOOTING —
AT THAT BEAR!



THEY KILLED EACH
OTHER! I KNEW IT!



CART BOYD IS
KNOCKED OUT!
HOW ABOUT
BRUNO?

TWO BULLET
CREASES ON HIS
HEAD! I'M HOPEIN'
HE'S ONLY KNOCKED
OUT, TOO!



BRUNO! IF YOUR HEAD
WASN'T ALMOST SOLID
BONE, I'D HAVE LOST
MY BEST FRIEND!

OOF!



YOU CAN TAKE
BOTH OF THEM
BLAMED KILLERS
BACK TO JAIL,
AUTRY!

NOT TILL I FIND
MY HORSE — SMELL
OF BEAR MUSTA
STAMPEDED HIM
AN' THE OTHER
TWO!



I'LL TIE THEM UP AN'
TAKE THEM DOWN THE
DRAW, WHERE BRUNO
WON'T BE TEMPTED
TO WORK ON THEM!



LOOK-UM, GRAN'DAW!
GENE AUTRY'S HORSE
GOT-UM EMPTY
SADDLE!

GOOD THING
WE FOLLOW!



WHAT HAPPEN
TO GENE CHAMP?
ME WISH-UM
YOU TALK!

TWO MORE
EMPTY SADDLES
OVER THERE!
ME CATCH-UM!

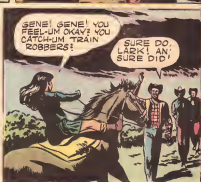


MAYBE TRAIN
ROBBERS KILL-UM
GENE AUTRY...
OR MAYBE
HIM HURT!



GENE! GENE! YOU
FEEL-UM OKAY? YOU
CATCH-UM TRAIN
ROBBERS!

SURE DO,
LARK! AN'
SURE DID!



THE ROBBERS DON'T FEEL SO
GOOD, THOUGH... I'LL HAVE TO
GET HORSES FOR 'EM!

GRAN'DAW CATCH-UM
EMPTY SADDLES NOW,
BUT YOU FORGET-UM
SOMETHIN'
GENE!







Billy Purvis was sweeping the front porch of his mother's boarding house when Sheriff Ketchell came across the street, carrying a printed poster and a hammer.

"Mornin', Billy." The sheriff stopped at the telegraph pole. "How's business?"

Billy shouldered the broom and headed down the steps to stand on the board sidewalk alongside the sheriff. "Not good an' not bad, Sheriff. Mom got a new boarder off'n the eastbound stage last night. But seein' as Mr. Clyde left on that stage, we ain't ahead any." He sighed. "Sure wish I was big enough to get a reg'lar job. Then we could pay off the mortgage, real fast, an' Mom could quit frettin'."

Sheriff Ketchell nodded sympathetically and began to nail the poster to the pole. "What're you aimin' to be when you grow up?"

"A lawman!" Billy replied decisively.

Sheriff Ketchell grinned down at the tow-headed, freckle-faced boy. "Think you'll be a good one?"

"Sure!" Billy nodded. "I'm a pretty fair shot, an' I ain't scairt o' nathin'."

"Two very necessary qualifications," chuckled the sheriff. "An' if you'd like some practice trackin' down outlaws, why don't you see if you can turn up these birds?" He indicated the poster.

Billy's eyes skimmed over the big letters at the top of the poster which were all he could see above the sheriff's shoulder.

**"DEAD OR ALIVE!
\$5,000 REWARD!"**

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "That's mighty big reward money."

Sheriff Ketchell's face darkened. "Not for these birds. They robbed the Cactus Junction bank o' twenty thousand dollars an' gunned down the cashier." He pounded another nail into the pole.

"Gosh!" Billy repeated. "Got any idea who they are?"

The sheriff shook his head. "They were masked. We got fair descriptions, though. One was real tall an' thin. He talked sorta funny, like he was missin' a coupla front teeth. The other was about my size an' held his head to one side, as if he had a stiff neck."

Billy frowned thoughtfully. "I wonder if they came this way?"

The sheriff shrugged. "Accordin' to the word I got, they headed for Saddleback Ridge yonder." He glanced toward the bleak rocky ridge silhouetted against the western sky.

Billy's eyes shone with excitement. "Maybe I'll ride up that way after I get my chores done."

"Fraid you'll be wastin' time doin' that," Sheriff Ketchell smiled. "That's a mighty long ridge with plenty o' hidin' places. Besides, it'd be real easy to get from it into the Big Woods where there's more an' better hide-outs." He started back across the street. "B'lieve me, son, if the law catches up with those varmints, it'll be thanks to somebody havin' jest plain luck!"

As Billy started back up the steps, the screen door squeaked open and Mr. Warner, the new boarder, came

through it Billy tensed. Mr Warner was tall and real thin! Like one of the bank robbers. Maybe... He brake off the exciting thought Mr. Warner was smiling broadly—and he had all of his teeth!

"Playing soldier, Billy?" Mr. Warner indicated the broom over Billy's shoulder.

Billy flushed and lowered the broom. "Course not!" For the first time, he noticed Mr. Warner was wearing a knapsack. "Goin' hikin?"

"Right. I'm a geologist. Know what that is?"

Billy nodded. "We had one here last summer. He was huntin' for oil, but he walked his feet fulla corns an' never found a smitchin'."

"Here's haping I have better luck," chuckled Mr. Warner. "I'm looking for minerals." He went on down the steps.

Billy considered calling out a warning about the bank robbers but decided against it. After all, he and Mom needed the reward money more than Mr. Warner did. And even if the sheriff did think it would be a waste of time to scout the Ridge, he'd do it that afternoon. But the afternoon found him whitewashing the henhouse. And sundown found him sitting disconsolately on the front steps when Mr. Warner came down the street.

Billy eyed him. "Any luck?"

Mr. Warner sighed wearily. "In a way I found some promising rock formations up on Saddleback Ridge."

A small frown creased Billy's forehead. But Mr. Warner did not see it. He was going on into the house.

The small cabin lay deep in the heart of the Big Woods. And the voices of the three men inside of it could not be heard beyond its thick log walls. Nor could these men hear the faint rustling of the underbrush or the stealthy footsteps outside. Consequently, they were stunned when the door burst open and Sheriff Ketchell's voice boomed out:

"Grab the air, you coyotes! The cabin's surrounded!"

Billy waited until the sheriff and the posse had disarmed and handcuffed

the three men. Then he pushed into the cabin. Sheriff Ketchell saw him and pointed to the table around which the three men had been sitting. On it lay an open knapsack, which apparently had held food, several empty moneybags, stacks of silver and gold coins and half a dozen piles of folding money.

"Then I WAS right!" yelled Billy. "They're the robbers!"

Sheriff Ketchell nodded. "The two who did the killin' an' their accomplice who cased the bank an' came up here to fix their getaway from these parts an' keep 'em supplied with food. You sure did a bang-up job, son!"

"What did HE have to do with it?" snarled one of the outlaws, a tall, very thin man with all his teeth.

Billy grinned at him. "Why, I solved this case, Mr. Warner," he said. "But you helped me."

Warner scowled. "How?"

"By your shoes," said Billy. "You told me you went to Saddleback Ridge yesterday. But when you came home, you had red mud on your shoes. An' the only place there's any o' that around here is in these Big Woods. So I tipped off the sheriff 'bout my suspicions, an' I reckon you know the rest." He grinned at the sheriff. "I reckon, too, this wasn't a case o' jest plain luck."

Sheriff Ketchell returned the grin. "You're durned right—Mr. Lawman!"



NUGGETS in the DESERT

PANHANDLE PETE/ARE YOU
HEADING OFF ON ANOTHER
PROSPECTING TRIP?

SHORE AM, TOMMY/
GOT A REAL ATTACK
O' GOLD FEVER NOW
IT'S COMIN' GRASS/



I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE GOING
TO LOOK FOR
ANOTHER
"LOST MINE"?

NOT EXACTLY, JANEY/ FIGURE
ME AN' JUGHAD I'LL HEAD FOR
THE ARIZONA DESERT, THIS TIME/



STOP RIBBING US,
PETE/WHO'D GO
HUNTING FOR
GOLD IN THE DESERT?

LOTS O' FOLKS/ FACT
IS, A WHOLE TRAIN CREW
ONCE WENT LOOKIN' FOR
THE PARTICULAR GOLD
I'M GOIN' AFTER/



TELL US
ABOUT IT,
PLEASE/

WE WON'T
LET YOU GO
TILL YOU DO/

OKAY/ YOU
TALKED ME INTO IT/



THEY SAY THE FIRST HUMAN
BEIN' TO SEE THIS GOLD WAS
A YOUNG MEXICAN GAL/ NEVER
HEARD HER NAME, SO I'LL CALL
HER LISETA ---



"LISETA'S PAW HAD A HERD O'GOATS-AN' EVERY DAY LISETA DROVE 'EM OUT TO THE EDGE O' THE DESERT TO GRAZE---"



"ONE DAY SOME O'THE CRITTERS STRAYED OFF QUITE A PIECE. THAT DIDN'T WORRY LISETA TILL LATE THAT AFTERNOON---"



"WHEN SHE SPOTTED A SANDSTORM RIZIN' IN THE WEST."

A SANDSTORM!



"IMMEJITLY, SHE GAVE THE CALL THAT USUALLY TURNED THE HERD TOWARDS 'HOME'---"



"WHEN THE STRAYS DIDN'T PAY NO HEED TO HER VELLIN', LISETA STARTED AFTER 'EM."

I MUST GET TO THEM!



"SHE HADN'T GONE MORE'N A HUNDRED YARDS WHEN THE SANDER STRUCK!"

OOOHH!



"RIGHT OFF, LISETA LOST SIGHT O'THE GOATS - BOTH THE STRAYS AN' THE MAIN HERD.



"TWARNT' NOTHIN' SHE COULD DO ABOUT THE CRITTERS, SO SHE FACED INTO THE WIND TO MAKE HER WAY HOME.



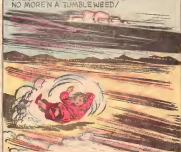
THE WIND GROWED STRONGER, THE SAND CUT INTO HER LIKE THOUSANDS O'TINY KNIVES. SHE STUMBLED--



"AN' COULDN'T GET BACK UP ON HER FEET, - SO SHE STARTED CRAWLIN'--AN' CRYIN'----



"FIN'LLY, SHE REALIZED THE WIND WAS SWEEPIN' HER ALONG LIKE SHE WASN'T NO MORE'N A TUMBLEWEED/



"SO SHE GOT SMART. COMIN' TO A SHALLOW
DRAW, SHE HUDDLED INTO IT."

I MUST
HANG ON!

"WHEN NIGHT CAME, THE SANDER WAS A REGULAR
TWISTER. LISETA COULD FEEL IT SHEEPIN' THE SAND
AWAY FROM ALL AROUND HER."

"ALL NIGHT AN' HALF THE NEXT DAY THE STORM KEPT RASIN'.
LISETA WAS MIGHTY MISERABLE --"

THIS SAND!
THESE LITTLE ROCKS
I AM LYIN' ON!
I CANNOT STAND
THEM MUCH LONGER!

"SUDDENLY THE WIND DIED DOWN. THE
SAND SETTLED. AN' LISETA SAW THE
SUN AGAIN."

THE STORM/ SHE IS OVER/
AND I AM STILL ALIVE!

"ACHIN' IN EVERY BONE, HER SKIN RAW FROM
THE DRIVIN' SAND, SHE STARTED TO GET TO
HER FEET!"

MADRE MIA.
WHAT IS THIS?

"AS SHE DID, SHE LOOKED DOWN AT THE LITTLE ROCKS
SHE'D BEEN LYIN' ON SO LONG!"

GOLD
NUGGETS!

"THE NUGGETS IN THE DRAW WERE NOTHIN' COMPARED TO WHAT SHE SAW WHEN SHE STOOD UP AN' LOOKED AROUND --"

AIEEE!!
THOUSANDS OF THEM!
NEVER AGAIN WILL I HAVE
TO TEND THE GOATS!



"PUTTIN' ALL THE NUGGETS SHE COULD TOTE INTO HER SKIRT, SHE STARTED WALKIN' ACROSS THE SAND."



"ALL TO ONCE, SHE SAW PUFFS O' SMOKE ON THE HORIZON."

THE SMOKE OF A
TRAIN! SANTA MARIA!
I AM SAVED!



"RUNNIN', FALLIN', WALKIN' AN' CRAWLIN', SHE FINALLY GOT TO THE RAILROAD TRACKS AN' SAT DOWN BESIDE 'EM TILL A TRAIN CAME ALONG!"



"LIKE ALL TRAINS ON THE DESERT, THIS ONE STOPPED WHEN THE ENGINEER SPOTTED LISBET!"

GREAT GUNS!
LOOK AT THAT GOLD!
WONDER WHERE SHE
FOUND IT!



WE'LL NEVER FIND OUT IF WE
DON'T GET HER TO A DOCTOR QUICK!
SHE'S ABOUT DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION!

WHEN LISETA LEFT THE DOC'S HOUSE A FEW DAYS LATER, SHE FOUND THE WHOLE TRAIN CREW WAITIN' FOR HER---

SEÑORS/YOU ARE A SURPRISE/WHY ARE YOU NOT RUNNING THE TRAIN?

WE QUIT, LISETA/WE FIGURE ON HAVIN' YOU LEAD US BACK TO WHERE YOU FOUND THOSE NUGGETS/



LISETA DIRECTED THEM AS BEST SHE COULD, AN' THE WHOLE GANG TOOK OFF, PROMISIN' TO CUT HER IN ON WHATEVER THEY FOUND.

IT'S NO USE GOIN' ON, MEN/ THERE'S NOT A FOOTPRINT OR A LANDMARK TO GO BY/



TILL SHE WAS AN OLD WOMAN, STILL HERPIN' GOATS, LISETA KEPT LOOKIN' FOR THE FIELD O' GOLD. SHE NEVER FOUND IT!

THE SAND COVERED THEM/ IT MUST UNCOVER THEM SOMEDAY!



DID ANYBODY ELSE EVER SEE THE FIELD, PANHANDLE PETE?

YEP/ A COWBOY/ HE LOADED HIS SADDLE POCKETS AN' BLANKET ROLL WITH NUGGETS/ HE DIDN'T BRING NARY A ONE BACK!



SEEMS HE GOT LOST AN' NEAR DIED O' THIRST AFORE HE GOT OUTA THE DESERT/ HAD TO JUMP ALL THE GOLD!

GOSH/ I HOPE YOU AN' JUGHEAD DON'T GET LOST!



DON'T WORRY, YOUNG'UNS/ WE'LL BE BACK REAL SOON WITH ANOTHER BIR-SNORTIN' YARN FOR YOU!







BEWARE!

FREE COMICS GROUP™



20¢ 7 MAR 1975

THE MONSTERS ARE COMING!

BEWARE!



**VENI
VIDI
SCANI**

the incredible
BUMBLEBEE-MAN!